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Reynard, Elizabeth

The Narrow Land

Cape Cod legends

Indian legends

WHAT KEHTEAN MADE

First there was sea water. Sea water everywhere. And there was fog. Fog rolling over the water. And Kehtean, the Great Spirit.

Kehtean was in the air above the foggy water. He reached down to the bottom of the sea and brought up a grain of sand. From a little grain of sand he made the whole earth.

And he made four spirits for the four directions of the earth--North, East, South, and West. And he made four winds to blow from the four directions.

He made animals like the earth, and birds like the four winds, and fish like the sea; and he gave life to them all.

Kehtean also made the clouds, the sky, the sun, the moon, and the stars. Kehtean even made the sea water, and the land under the water, and the air over the water. All these things Kehtean made, and then he went back home. His home is in the Spirit Land, in the west where the sun goes down.

After he returned home, Kehtean realized he had not made anything like himself; so he changed himself into a rabbit and hopped back to earth. There he made Uskitom, the first man, and gave him a spirit to watch over him. And he made

Netimigaho, the first mother, and gave her a spirit to watch over her.

After a while someone bad came into the world. His name was Mahtahdou, and he brought all kinds of bad things with him. Soon everyone was sick and had a fever, or was unhappy, or was fighting. The grandmothers and grandfathers were having a terrible time. The mothers and fathers were having a terrible time. The children were having a terrible time. Kehtean saw this and he didn't like it. So he flooded the earth with water to wash away the bad things. But Mahtahdou, the worst one of all, hid with Great Snake in a deep hole in the bottom of the sea.

When the water flooded the earth the animals did not drown. Eagle, Owl, Crow, Deer, Fox, Turkey, Muskrat and Beaver all sat on the back of Great Turtle who was swimming on the water. When Kehtean, the Great Spirit, saw all these animal friends, he changed himself into a rabbit again and hopped down onto Great Turtle's back.

"Fly out over the water," Kehtean said to Crow, "and find a piece of brown earth and bring it back to me."

Crow flapped his black wings and flew away over the water. Then Crow came back, but without any earth. So Kehtean sent other animals, but they all returned to Great Turtle without a piece of earth. Finally Kehtean sent Muskrat. Muskrat's brown fur got all wet when he dived into the sea water. He was gone

Netimigah, the first mother, and gave her a spirit to watch over her.

After a while someone had come into the world. His name was Matandou, and he brought all kinds of bad things with him. Soon everyone was sick and had a fever, or was unhappy,

or was fighting. The grandmothers and grandfathers were having a terrible time. The mothers and fathers were having a terrible time. The children were having a terrible time.

Kentean saw this and he didn't like it. So he flooded the earth with water to wash away the bad things. But Matandou, the worst one of all, hid with Great Spirit in a deep hole in the bottom of the sea.

When the water flooded the earth the animals did not drown. Eagle, Owl, Crow, Fox, Mink, Muskrat and Beaver all sat on the back of Great Turtle who was swimming on the water. When Kentean, the Great Spirit, saw all these animal friends, he changed himself into a rabbit again and

hopped down onto Great Turtle's back. "Why out over the water," Kentean said to Crow, "and find a piece of brown earth and bring it back to me."

Crow flapped his black wings and flew away over the water. Then Crow came back, but without any earth. So Kentean sent other animals, but they all returned to Great Turtle without a piece of earth. Finally Kentean sent Muskrat. Muskrat's brown fur got all wet when he dived into the sea water. He was gone

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a long time, because he was swimming to the bottom of the sea. At last he appeared on top of the water, holding sand in his paws. Kehtean took the sand and made a new world.

Once more the land was ^{alive}~~covered~~ with birds and animals. Men roamed the forests. And up from the deep hole under the sea came the Great Snake, and with him Mahtahdou, the bad one. The trouble would have started all over again, but Kehtean was smart--he made Great Snake the remedy for Mahtahdou. If Mahtahdou made the people sick, Great Snake made them well; if Mahtahdou made the people get angry and start fights, Great Snake made them peaceful and friends.

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MAUSHOP THE GENTLE GIANT

Years ago, in the days before the first white people came across the sea, a young giant named Maushop lived in the Narrow Land. Maushop was very large. He was so large he couldn't fit inside a wigwam. Once he took the largest trees that were and fashioned them into teepee poles, and made the largest wigwam people had ever seen. But Maushop was so big that when he tried to get inside, all that would fit was his nose or his toe. So Maushop slept outside on the ground with the starry sky for a teepee.

In the icy winter weather, if Maushop woke up in the night because he was cold, he warmed himself by jumping back and forth across-Cape. Sometimes he slept on one part of the Cape, sometimes on another. In summer, occasionally it would be so hot at night he couldn't get to sleep. On such nights he made a bed of the lower Cape, the cool lands that lie narrowly between ocean and bay. All night he twisted and turned, changing position, trying to get comfortable, until he shifted the level sand into dunes and hollows.

Once, on a night when the wind was still, and the stars hung heavy and full of lightning, Maushop was unusually restless. He tossed, he flung himself about, till his moccasins

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came off and were buried in the sand. When Geesukquand, the Sun Spirit, lit the teepee fires of dawn, Maushop woke up and wondered where his moccasins were. He felt about and found them in the sand. Then he stood up and emptied the sand from his moccasins into the South Sea. The sand that was in his left moccasin became Nantucket Island, and the sand that was in his right moccasin became the island of Martha's Vineyard.

After that Maushop sat on a high cliff overlooking the south shore, filled his pipe with poke-week, and sat for a long time, smoking. Clouds from his pipe covered the marshlands, covered the highlands of Scargo and Nauset. Ever since then, when fogs are thick, rolling along from the Southern Sea, the people say to one another: "Look! Now Maushop is smoking his pipe!"

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AHSEO

In the long ago, there lived among the Wampanoag of the Mashpee Village a girl named Ahsoo. Her legs were skinny as cattail reeds; her chin was pointed and sharp as the beak of a loon; her nose was humped and crooked; and her eyes were as big as a frightened deer's. Day after day she sat on a log and watched those around her. No one cared for her; none of the men desired her friendship. She was an idle, lazy girl who would not work in a wigwam or carry wood for a fire.

Although Ahsoo was ugly, no woman could equal her in singing. Birds alighted on the boughs of trees to listen to her, and the brook, running over rapids, would be suddenly still and silent to hear Ahsoo singing. On a low hill near the little brook Ahsoo would sit and sing. Beasts of the forest, birds of the air, fish of the lakes came to hear. Maugua the Bear came, and even the great Eagle; but Ahsoo was not afraid, for she knew they had only come to listen to her songs. The little brook at the foot of the hill became alive with fishes, journeying up from the South Sea to hear the voice of Ahsoo. The fishes splashed their tails, the birds flapped their wings and whistled, the

animals clapped their paws and applauded, because they all wanted Ahsoo to keep on singing.

A large speckled Trout, almost as big as a man, listened from far away. Because he was so big he couldn't swim up the brook to where Ahsoo was singing. Every night he pushed his nose further and further up the little brook, making it wider and wider, until it became a wide stream. Now he too could come close and hear the songs Ahsoo sang.

This large Trout loved Ahsoo. He could not see how ugly she was, for she always sang in the summer evenings after the sun went down. So he told her that she was pretty, and of course she fell deeply in love with that Trout. She told him how she loved him, and invited him to visit her wigwam. But the Trout could not live out of water, and the girl could not live and breathe under the water, and that was the problem.

At this time, the Pukwudgees or Little People lived in the marshes near Poponesset Bay. They watched the Great Trout widening the little brook; now there would be lots more long grass and wet places such as they loved to hide in. So when they heard the monster fish sighing and saying, "Ahsoo and I love each other dearly, but, alas! neither of us can live without the other, and neither of us can live where the other lives," they felt sorry for the lovers and wanted to help.

The Little People had much magic. So they changed Ahsoo into a trout and carried her to a pond higher up the little brook. Then they told the monster fish to dig his way up the brook to the pond, where he would find Ahsoo waiting to be his wife. Day in and day out, the speckled Trout pushed with his nose, widening and deepening the brook, until he reached Santuit Pond. He had worked so hard, and was now so tired, that he nearly died of exhaustion. But this time he didn't. And Ahsoo, who had become a trout, was waiting to be his bride. Their many children still splash and flash through the waters of Santuit Pond.

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THE DEVIL AND RICHARD BOURNE

Richard Bourne was the only man the Devil could never beat in wrestling. He was a good man, and he prayed hard to God, so when the Devil came down from the north at night to wrestle, the Devil always got the worst of it. Now the Devil was six times the size of Richard Bourne, and the Devil's muscles were as ~~sinewy~~^{strong and tough} as a young pine tree. But Old Man Bourne had the strength of God on his side. Sometimes, though, the Devil almost beat him, for the Devil was crafty and quick.

If you were to creep up close to Richard Bourne's house at night, and peek in the windows, you would see the pine knots burning in the fireplace, and see the dark shadows jumping on the wall, and hear the Old Man moaning aloud, and know that he was wrestling with the Evil One. You might be so afraid of the Devil, and feel so sorry for the Old Man, that you would kneel down and pray for him, in the dark by his window light.

In the daytime, the Devil went to the lonesome tip of the Cape, sat down there, and waited for the bones of wrecked ships, and tried to catch the souls of drowning sailors. But when dusk came, and he could no longer watch

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the destruction of fair vessels, he remembered Richard Bourne, who was always having things his own way, which was God's way. So every twilight the Devil walked up-Cape, stepping high from hill to hill to keep his feet out of the bog water, and meaning to take a little of the godliness out of Old Man Bourne.

It took the Devil many years to realize that Richard Bourne was always going to beat him in wrestling, no matter how hard he tried. When at last the Evil One understood that his giant's strength was useless, he grew crafty; and one evening as he came from the tip of the Cape to Bourneland, he gathered the big stones and boulders along the beaches, every stone he could find, and put them all in a sack. The heavier his sack became, the happier he got, for he had found a way to destroy Richard Bourne.

Just after sundown he reached the forest that lies east of Bourneland. There, on a tree, sat a chickadee watching the Devil, who appeared against the sky like a great black eagle, hurring over the hills. The chickadee waited until the Devil was close to the tree on which it perched. Then it opened its beak and sang a song:

"Hi there, Giant

bee-beep!

Hi there, Devil

bee-beep!

You're gonna wrestle
With Richard Bourne?
You're gonna git bee-beep!
The worst of it bee-beep!
You're gonna git bee-beep!
The worst of it"

The Devil was furious with that bird. He lost his temper entirely, and took a rock from his sack and threw it at the chickadee. But the chickadee quick flew all about and wasn't hurt at all. It kept on singing and singing, till its song echoed through the forest:

"Hi there, Giant
bee-beep!
Hi there, Devil
bee-beep!
You're gonna wrestle
With Richard Bourne?
You're gonna git bee-beep!
The worst of it bee-beep!
You're gonna git bee-beep!
The worst of it"

The Devil couldn't stand to be teased. He started to run after the chickadee, and stumbled on a root and fell. His sack burst open, and the stones rolled out. There they lie, in Bourneland, to this day. Look high, look low, there are no stones on the Nauset beaches, or in Truro, or in Provincetown. The stones were all carried away by the Devil and spilled over Bourneland when his sack burst open. You

100' , front 14"

can still see them there.

As for the Devil, he knew when he was beaten, and after that never came back to wrestle with Richard Bourne. He went to the lonesome tip of the Cape, sat down there, and he's probably still there.

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GRANNY SQUANNIT AND THE BAD BOY

Too-quah-mis-quan-nit, or Granny Squannit, was an old woman who lived many years ago in Cummaquid, in a cave among the sand dunes of Great Neck. She was a ki-eh-pah-wesh-hok, or great medicine woman. She had no respect for any chief, kept to herself, and made her own trail. Nevertheless, if a child was bad, repeatedly bad, Granny Squannit was certain to appear in forest or wigwam, or among the dunes, and the child who saw her became so afraid all badness was scared out of him.

Granny Squannit was short and stout. Her long hair fell over her shoulders, and down over her face, so that only her mouth and chin could be seen. Every year she planted little seeds in the woods, from which grew a small bush. This she tended, and later in the season gathered the pods to use for magic.

In one of the villages near the marsh lived Bad Young Boy. His mother scolded him, his father punished him. He was very bad after that. His father took him to the chief of the tribe who talked to him. Three times he was taken to the chief, and on the fourth time the chief himself punished him. Bad Young Boy went home to his wigman and broke up

wampum belts, destroyed paint shells, and burned war arrows. When his father took him again before the chief, this time the chief gave him into the care of medicine men. They worked on him, using charms, chants, medicines, and powerful magic, but they could not drive the badness out of that Bad Young Boy.

The next day, when he went with the other children to play near a brook that flowed into the river, he pushed the younger children into the water. Then up the river and into the brook silently glided a canoe. In it sat old Granny Squannit, her dark hair hanging down over her face; she grabbed Bad Young Boy, pulled him into her canoe, and paddled away.

After a ride down the river they came to the sand dunes. Granny beached her boat and shoved the boy into a dark cave. There she made him drink a soup of green herbs, and soon after he fell into a heavy sleep. For days he remained fast asleep, and the old woman worked magic on him and gave him medicine to drive out the badness. When at last she thought she had cured the boy, she wakened him, and told him to play in the sunshine, but he wasn't to push her hair, or touch her head while she slept.

As soon as Granny Squannit was asleep, the boy moved the woven grass mat that covered the cave's entrance, that he

might have more light. Then he crept over to her and pushed the hair from her forehead. And there, instead of the two eyes of an ordinary woman, he saw, placed in the middle of her forehead, one great dark eye, wide open and glaring.

"Woee Nap-ee Nont!" cried Bad Young Boy.

Slowly Granny Squannit sat up; her hair fell back into place. He had found her secret, and that scared the badness out of him; and when Granny saw what had taken place inside the spirit of Bad Young Boy, she worked strong magic and quick medicine, and kept the badness away.

Then she took roots and peas from her bush and wove them with grasses and barks. Into a little pouch she sewed the pea pods, the roots, the barks and grasses; decorated the pouch with small shells; fixed it with a strap to carry it by; and handed it to Bad Young Boy. It was his gift to take home with him; and he grew up to be a great chief.

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SQUANT THE SEA WOMAN

Maushop, the gentle giant, sat down on a hill and bowed his head in his hands. He thought of the bed he had made of eagle feathers, in a den at Gay Head on Martha's Vineyard. He went to the island before the sun was fallen, and sat on the edge of a rainbow cliff to smoke his pipe. There was no tobacco on the island, so he filled his pipe with pokeweed, for he needed to smoke and rest awhile.

From up on the cliff he could see the wind raging over the sea. Waves snarled and showed their teeth. Suddenly, a Sea-woman rose up among the waves. Her eyes were square; her fingers were webbed, like the feet of a tern; and she sang a wild song, and the Wolf-Waves who followed her sang with her, howling as they came.

Maushop continued to smoke his pipe, though he kept a sharp eye on that Sea-woman. She came in close with the tide, then turned away with the tide. When the tide came in again, she drifted along with it, and this time she smiled. The storm had gone away, the wind blew from the south; the sun came out; and Maushop saw that her hair was green, ^{shiny wet} ~~glistening~~, her body wide and flat like a ribbon of kelp. He knew then, that she was Squant, the sea giantess; so he waded into

the ocean, and tried to grab her braids. They slipped like green water through his fingers. Squant laughed. She swam away singing a song, and hid in an undersea cave, not far from the cliffs of Gay Head. Maushop wanted very much to follow her, and wrap her hair around him; but he was afraid that would make him a weakling, and he wouldn't be able to come back up out of the sea. She, like a fish, could live under water, but he, a man-giant, needed to breathe the wind.

Every day, Squant came with the incoming tide, smiled, and waved for him to follow her. Maushop sat in his den and thought about it. Sometimes he swam in the sea with her, but when she went down to the undersea cave he did not dare to follow her.

It was pleasant to rest in the eagle's den and watch the smoke from his pipe drift over the mainland. It was spring time, and he remembered it was the season for planting corn, which should be put into the ground when the leaf of the white oak is as big as a mouse's ear. He always helped the people back in Poponesset with the corn planting. After the planting, there would be strawberry bread. The women smushed strawberries in a bowl, mixed them with flour, and baked them into loaves. Thinking of strawberry bread, Maushop climbed from his den and started to wade across the South Sea.

In the winter, Squant could stir up such fearful weather

not even a giant could walk through the waves, or fight the north wind that pushed him out to sea. But in the spring and summer, Squant never lost her temper. She sat in her cave and blew bubbles, and sang a song that made Maushop want very much to cover himself with her green hair. He walked quickly away from her. She laughed, and sang another song that meant he would return.

After the corn planting, Maushop did return to the bed he had made of eagle feathers, in the den at Gay Head. He went back to the island before the sun was fallen, and sat on the edge of a rainbow cliff to smoke his pipe. At the foot of the cliff the waters churned. Squant came up out of the waves and shook her hair.

That night, as the tide went out, the gentle giant followed her to her undersea cave. The Sea-woman twined her green braids about him, and so he fell asleep.

Maushop has never wakened from his sleep. Squant sits in the cave, day and night, with the young giant's body laid across her knees. Sometimes she sings to make his sleep happy, or blows bubbles and smiles. When winter comes and the days grow shorter, she is afraid that he will never awaken. Then the waters over the undersea cave go round and round with her fear. Into that whirlpool the great ships of the white men are sucked down as easily as the

canoes of the Indians. The Sea-woman takes the ships, like little toys, and puts them in Maushop's hand. She hopes that when he feels them he will remember the Narrow Land and wake up.

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PRINCESS SCARGO AND THE MAGIC PUMPKIN BOWL

Once, before the moon unfolded itself into so many autumns, there lived in the Narrow Land a chief of the Nauset-Wampanoag named Sagam. He had a daughter called Princess Scargo, and on her seventh birthday a runner from a distant tribe brought the little princess a magic pumpkin. On the outside, the pumpkin had been carved with little pictures of birds and animals; but the inside of the pumpkin had been hollowed out and made into a bowl. The bowl was filled with water, and in the water swam tiny silver perch and speckled trout.

Scargo fed her pets and watched them grow. Soon they were too big for the pumpkin bowl, so Scargo made a little fishpond near her father's wigwam and put the perch and trout in their new home.

That spring a terrible drought came to the land of the Nauset-Wampanoag. The people had been doing something very bad and didn't even know it. But Niba-nahbeezik, the Water Spirit, was angry with them and began to dry up the springs and rivers and lakes. The people of the Wampanoag danced a rain dance to make Niba-nahbeezik happy. But he stayed mad; and the sky remained clear, with no rainclouds in it; and the

water already upon the earth disappeared into the cracks in the ground, and ran down into the center of the earth where Niba-nahbeezik kept it beside him. The little fishpond which Princess Scargo had dug with her tiny hands now had no water in it. She placed her perch and trout back into the pumpkin bowl, but the fish were very crowded in the bowl, and she was sure they were going to die. So she went and spoke with her father. He would do anything for her. He loved her more than wampum or corn lands or even his carved pipe.

Chief Sagam called together the women of the tribe and asked them to make a punkwood smoke. The women threw green pine needles on a large bonfire, and twirled fire sticks as they danced. The men of the tribe, answering the signal, came together before the chief's wigwam. The old chief sat in their midst wearing many eagle feathers, and Princess Scargo came before the tribe that she might ask help for her little fishes. The people loved the princess for her gentleness toward the forest animals. She was the child who took for a friend a lame deer, and a turkey with a broken wing, and a fallen gull, and a treacherous fox who had twisted its back, and a blind old mole. Now she spoke with such wisdom and feeling that the tribe promised to make her a fishpond that would never go dry.

Scargo picked out the strongest man. He placed an arrow

in his bow, and while the wind was blowing from the north, he pointed his arrow south, and drew the bowstring back as far as it would go. The arrow flew high and far, riding on the wind. As far as the arrow flew, that's how long Scargo Pond would be.

The young men then went to the seashore and brought back the largest clamshells. The older men, who knew how to watch out for quicksand, went into the swamps and brought back long cattail leaves which the women wove into a hundred shoulder baskets. Then the men made dances while the women dug the pond. Using the clamshells, they dug up the sandy earth, filled the baskets, and dumped the sand in a big pile where the measuring arrow had struck the ground.

Spring turned to summer, but there was no sound of splashing streams, no lapping sound of waves on the shores of the lakes, no gurgling sound of water around rocks in the river. The women dug and dug, and whispered among themselves that this little Princess Scargo and her fishes must really be something that they should have to work so hard. The little princess did not hear them whisper.

The new fishpond grew wide and long, and very deep. Where the sand from it was piled, a high hill rose towards the clouds. Niba-nahbeezik, the Water Spirit, watched with an unfriendly eye. The springs that usually flowed out of

the ground he kept hidden in the center of the earth, and would not show himself to the people.

On the new-made hill the men danced. In the great earth bowl the women dug. But now they were finished. Princess Scargo looked upon the fishpond and knew that it was deep and wide and long, and would keep a thousand speckled trout alive and be the home-place of a thousand silver perch.

Night came over the Narrow Land. On the hill, the men danced around the flammng fire of Yotarnit, the Lightning Spirit, while the women rested in the wigwams. Nanipaushat, the Moon Spirit, climbed the sky to look upon the deep hole and high hill. Scargo, in her father's wigwam, saw that her fish were gasping. With the pumpkin bowl in her two hands she crept out of the wigwam door, and by the light of Nanipaushat found her way to the bottom of the deep hole. There she was close to Niba-nahbeezik, the Water Spirit. From his home-place under the earth he could hear her speak, and she could hear his answers.

"Give me water, Niba-nahbeezik," she begged. "My fish are dying, and my people are too tired to dig any longer. We are sorry for whatever we did wrong to you, and we wouldn't ever do it again if we knew what it was."

Niba-nahbeezik could not refuse the little princess any more than her father could, or the men and women of the

tribe could.

"It shall be as you wish," he said to little Scargo.

As he spoke, the few drops of water that were still in the pumpkin bowl became many drops of water. They filled the pumpkin bowl to overflowing, and the water poured over the top of the bowl and filled the bottom of the pond. At the same time the sky was filled with dark thunder clouds and water poured out of the sky. The rain put out the sacred fire on the hilltop where the men were dancing.

Princess Scargo had to swim to shore. She climbed the high hill to be with her father. Her face wet with rain, she looked down upon the new pond. What she loved most about it was that the women had dug it in the shape of a fish.

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SONG OF WHALES

In the great marshes at Cummaquid First Cranberry was born; also First Green Frog and First Little Black Snake. All this happened in the days of Maushop the Giant, and this is how it happened.

One night Maushop was walking down-Cape with his head high in the air. As usual, he was thinking about everything else and not watching where he was going, when he tore his cap on a star. Maushop was very proud of his cap and didn't much like a tear in it. So he journeyed to the great marshes at Cummaquid, near the sand dunes of Great Neck, where Granny Squannit had her cave.

"Granny Squannit," called Maushop, "what will you take to mend my cap?"

Granny Squannit pulled the grass mat away from the door of her cave and stuck her head out. Her long hair fell over her shoulders, and down over her face, so that only her mouth and chin could be seen.

"I'll take a puff of your pipe, in exchange for mending your cap," said Granny. For she had seen Maushop puff on his pipe until the smoke formed into dark clouds full of thunder and lightning.

"You may have a puff," replied Maushop, "but first you must mend my cap."

Granny Squannit took the cap on her knees and threaded a shell-needle with root fiber. The cap was heavy and thick and the needle would not go through. Granny Squannit pricked her finger and screamed like a seagull.

"What are you doing?" asked Maushop from the edge of the swamp.

"I am throwing your cap out to sea," cried Granny Squannit. "I pricked a hole in my finger and the water is pouring out of me. Soon I shall be no more."

Maushop knew that Granny Squannit had no blood with which to stop a wound. "Give me back my cap, quickly," he called. "The water is running out of you fast. You will trickle away into the marsh."

"First give me a drop of your blood to cover the hole in my finger," she wailed.

Maushop took a sharp black stick in his hand and with it he pricked his finger. A round drop of blood oozed out and the black stick tasted the blood. Immediately it became First Little Black Snake and hid in the bottom of the marsh. Maushop reached his arm across the swamp, but the wind blew the drop of blood into the cattails before Granny Squannit could catch it, and the drop of blood became First Cranberry.

Granny Squannit howled and pulled out a bunch of her hair. First Green Frog jumped out of the hole in her head where the hair had been, and hid in the bottom of the swamp.

"Give me another drop of your blood," screamed Granny Squannit, "and I will give you back your cap."

Maushop squeezed his finger and out came another drop of blood. "Come closer," he called, "here is your drop of blood."

Granny Squannit limped to the edge of the bog-water. Maushop reached his arm across the swamp and the drop of blood fell on Granny Squannit's finger and covered the hole. Granny hissed and flung back his cap with the tear still in it. Maushop put it on and strode away to the north.

The drop of blood on Granny Squannit's finger burned like fire. To forget her troubles she decided to borrow Maushop's pipe and make a little thunder and fog. That evening when the giant came down-Cape, she followed him along the swamps to the sand dunes, and when he sat down to rest and smoke, she crept up close behind him.

After a while Maushop began to sing the magic Song of Whales. All the whales came into the bay-water and played and sang at Maushop's feet. The whales sang bass; Maushop sang giant voice; and the clams also sang a little, very high and clear.

Granny Squannit listened carefully, and learned the Song of Whales. Maushop didn't know she was there. Then she came out of hiding, and asked Maushop to borrow his pipe. He took it from between his teeth and passed it to her. Granny Squannit took one puff and knew what it was she needed to forget her troubles.

After Maushop had gone to sleep with his head on the dunes, Granny Squannit hobbled to the edge of the bay and sang the magic Song of Whales. The whales heard, were surprised, and came to shore to play and sing at her feet. They sang bass; she sang woman voice; the clams also sang a little, very high and clear.

"What do you want, Granny Squannit?" asked the largest of the whales.

"I want you to take Maushop's pipe from between his teeth," she answered.

"Done," said the largest of the whales, for he was kind hearted.

Maushop's feet were resting on the beach at Cummaquid, but he was stretched out and his head was resting on the dunes at Provincetown. The whale paddled down-Cape until he came to where the giant's head lay; then very gently he removed the pipe from between Maushop's teeth. The largest of the whales started back to the marshes. The pipe looked dead, so he took a puff to keep it alive. Then he took another

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puff. After that he did not swim so fast.

"This is good magic," said the whale, "I will keep it for myself."

Blowing the pipe he stood out to sea, but before he had disappeared Maushop woke and saw him. Maushop sang the Song of Whales, but the whale covered his ears with foam and did not return for fear he would loose the pipe. Maushop leaned on his bow and watched. He caught a glimpse of the whale, offshore, puffing like an old Indian chief. "Be of good cheer," said the giant, "I will carve me another pipe."

Meanwhile Granny Squannit howled and seethed in the marshes, for she had wanted the pipe for herself. In her anger she forgot the Song of Whales. But sometimes, on a clear night, she remembers parts of it, and the whales come in to sing and play, and then go out again, and don't know what to make of her broken song.

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THE UNINHABITED ISLAND

One Friday in March, more than 370 years ago, a ship named Concord set sail from Falmouth, England, with thirty-two people on board. Twelve of the people would return to England with the ship, the rest would remain in the new country, called America.

The ship was not a strong one, and if the Captain of the ship told the sailors to use too many sails, the wind could push on those sails and bend the tall wooden masts and maybe break the ship apart. Also there were only a few sailors, and none of the sailors had been to sea very often.

The ship crossed the Atlantic Ocean and reached America. They were going to land at Virginia, but the weather was very foggy. So the ship sailed north along the coast and landed somewhere on the coast of Maine. The people from England did not stay there long, but sailed off into the sea again towards the south. The next morning a fresh gale was blowing, and they found themselves in a large bay. The ship dropped anchor, and Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, John Brereton, and three other men got in a rowboat and rowed to shore. They beached the boat on a white sandy shore, and all

afternoon marched through the land with their muskets on their necks. Standing on the highest hills, they could see that the land was shaped like a long arm reaching out into the sea. For five or six hours they explored the dunes, the cliffs and the seaward valleys. Then, as the sun lowered over the bay, and the masts of the Concord darkened against the sky, they headed back to the beach. They had almost reached the rowboat when they met a young Indian. He was tall and had a nice face, and after getting to know him a little, the men returned to their rowboat and rowed back to the ship.

They found the ship seething with activity. The sailors had had nothing to do for six hours, so they had whiled away the time by fishing. They had fished and fished and fished, and the catch had come up so fast and plentiful, that now the decks of the ship were filled with fish, from stem to stern. "You have pestered my ship with codfish!" exclaimed the Captain when he saw it.

That night, in the beamed cabin, the Captain, and the sailor who had caught the most fish, and maybe John Brereton too, gave a name to the arm of land reaching out into the sea: Cape Cod they called it. And the bay that was so full of fish they called Cape Cod Bay.

Some four weeks later, John Brereton sat on the shore

of an uninhabited island, off the south coast of Cape Cod. With him on the shore were some twenty Gentlemen Adventurers. John planned to return to England; yet as he looked from the stoney beach toward the interior of the island, he was tempted to remain. On that June day the island seemed an earthly paradise; sixteen miles of shoreline indented with miniature bays and inlets, and on fire with mica-stones. Inland, plain places of grass twinkled with the wet scarlet of strawberries; and at the center of the island stood high oak trees, their leaves so much bigger than the oak leaves at home in England.

The Englishmen had assembled on the beach to meet a band of Indians, who were coming from the mainland in nine canoes. There were about fifty Indians in all, and John Brereton studied them in wonder. They were dressed in deer skins and wore chains and belts and earrings of copper. The Indians beached their canoes, and then seated themselves at a distance from the adventurers. For a while they just sat there looking one another over. John admired the natives for the shape of their bodies and their striking faces, and thought them better looking than any other Americans. They were taller than Englishmen, and the color of their skin was dark like an olive; their eyebrows and hair were black, and they wore their hair long and tied up behind in knots, into which they stuck bird feathers, making a little

feather crown.

After a while, Captain Gosnold suggested that John Brereton go over to the Indians and see how they would react. John approached cautiously, then with more assurance as the Indians made signs of joy. One of the Indians offered him a present of a large animal skin, and when the Gentlemen Adventurers beheld it, they came running over to get presents also. In no time the Englishmen and the natives were good friends.

Captain Gosnold sent to the ship for some meat that was cut and ready to cook. From a little pouch, one of the natives took a flint-stone and struck a spark for a beach-wood fire. Indians and whites sat down to eat together, and the English Captain handed a piece of meat spread with mustard to the Indian beside him. The Indian took a little bite, made a sour face, and passed the meat on to the other members of his tribe. All the Indians made sour faces. They sure weren't used to eating mustard!

When the meal was over, the adventurers bargained with the natives. Beads, knives, and trinkets, rings and jewels, were exchanged for furs. One of the natives offered to make one of the sailors a black beard; he didn't think the sailor's beard was real because it was a red beard.

With the coming of dusk, the Englishmen retreated to a

fort they had built on the shore of an inland lake, and the natives set up camp at the other end of the island. For four days the natives remained with the Englishmen, and each day they got to be better friends. John found the men witty and very good at speaking with their tongues. "How now, sir, are you so saucy with my tobacco?" he exclaimed, smilingly, to a young native; and was astonished to hear his words echoed back from the lips of the young native: "How now, sir, are you so saucy with my tobacco?" The natives helped to load the Concord with sassafras, and a few of the more daring even slept on board the ship.

On the fourth day all the trading was completed, and the Indians signaled their intentions of returning to the mainland. They pushed their canoes into the water, climbed in, and began to paddle away. When they were a short distance from the shore they lifted their paddles into the air to say good-by, and uttered huge cries and shouts of joy. On the beach, the Gentlemen Adventurers threw their hats into the air, brought out trumpet and cornet, and played tunes of Old England, to which the Indians plied their paddles, until only a white trail (the mark of Maushop's pet sea-snail) pointed toward the Narrow Land.

July, 1602, found Captain Gosnold and John Brereton back on the other side the Atlantic Ocean, safe home in

London, England. Everywhere he went, John told stories of the park-like forests of the uninhabited island; of the cherry trees whose branches bore flowers and fruit like clusters of grapes, forty or fifty in a bunch; of other fruit trees with orange bark that felt soft and smooth as velvet; of ground nuts, forty on a string, as big as hen's eggs and as good as potatoes; and of scallops, muscles, cockles, lobsters, crabs and oysters. And then he told of codfish! And soon everyone was talking about codfish, and about Cape Cod, and about Cape Cod Bay.

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...where he went, John told stories of
the last time he was at the whistling island; of the
many times he had seen those flowers and fruit like
... only or fifty in a bunch; of other
... park that felt soft and smooth
... ground nuts, heavy on a string, as big as
... and as good as potatoes; and of scallops,
... cookies, lobsters, crabs and oysters. And then
... And soon everyone was talking about
... and about Cape Cod, and about Cape Cod Bay.

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BAKED BREAD AND ARROWS

"Yo, Yo, Yo," sang an Indian, dancing on the wet sand. He was trying to get the attention of some French sailors in a rowboat that was nosing a path towards the shore. Further out, among the shoals, drifted an eighteen ton ship; the rudder of the ship was broken and had been tied together with ropes; it needed to be fixed. The Captain of the ship had carefully maneuvered his vessel into this safe anchorage at the elbow of Cape Cod.

The year was 1606; more than three hundred and seventy years ago. Beyond the beach lay great cornfields. The Indians built their houses in the cornfields and covered them with woven grass. Among the corn grew beans and squash, and pumpkins glowed like orange moons fallen from the sky. Heavy bunches of delicious purple grapes hung on greenleaf vines. The Commander of the French looked at all this and thought, "What a wonderful place! We will take it from the Indians and build our own buildings here and make of this a French State."

To mend the rudder of the ship, the Frenchmen built a forge-furnace with a hot fire in it to melt metal and fuse the broken pieces together. They had forgotten to bring

fishing rods and fishing nets with them from France. Fortunately the natives were willing to trade fish for trinkets. The hunting was good too. The French Commander killed twenty-eight sea-larks with one shot. A French artist drew pictures of the harbor and the beaches and the land; he was making a map for the King of France, to show him the land that would belong to France.

While the French were visiting and fixing their rudder, five or six hundred Indians came from other parts of Cape Cod. They brought chains, collars, corn, beans, bows, raisins, and fish to trade with the Frenchmen. It was late summer and the Indians were nearly naked; they danced and sang for the strangers from France; and when the French Commander wanted to find a safer way to guide his boat between the reefs, a friendly Indian showed him the way.

It took two weeks to mend the rudder. When the sailors built the forge they also built an oven; and the cooks baked enough bread to last fifteen days. More and more Indians appeared coming from tribes that lived further away-- Cummaquids, Pamets, and Nausets. The Frenchmen began to get afraid because there were hundreds and hundreds of Indians and maybe only fifty Frenchmen. So the Commander of the French sent his best swordsmen to practice fancy sword-fighting on the beaches and scare the Indians. The long

silver blades flashed and clanged in the sun. The olive-colored natives watched politely. They knew how sharp the swords were and how much a cut from a sword would hurt. But when they saw that a bullet would go right through a piece of thick wood, they were surprised and truly afraid.

On the 10th day of the visit, an Indian crept into the French camp and stole an axe. As he was running away the French fired a gun at him. The bullet missed and the Indian got away. But now the Nauset-Wampanoag Indians were much afraid. They took down all their wigwams and moved them far away from the forge. Into the woods, into hiding, went the women of the tribe, carrying their cooking bowls and their babies. The men of the tribe built fires and painted their faces with war paint.

To quiet the Indians, the Commander of the French, a true Frenchman, sent bracelets and rings to the women of the tribe. He also gave hatchets and knives to the older chiefs. The men of the tribe showed they wished to be friendly again and gave dances, and acrobat shows, and blab contests, which the Frenchmen didn't understand at all. But all the time the medicine drums shook a faraway warning. The Commander of the French knew what was really going on, and figured the Indians would attack his men at night if they remained on shore.

On October 14, 1606, the rudder was fixed and the bread was baked. The French Commander made a large wooden Cross and set it up on the mainland; he also ordered the men to put the forge and their other things back on the ship. The baker and two men with him were still baking hot cakes. The asked for more time to finish their work, and the Commander said he would send a rowboat for them when it started to get dark. No one was to stay on land after dark.

As stars came over the many-cornered harbor, the rowboat headed for shore. Cakes were not cooked, though they smelled very sweet, and the bakers were not ready to go. For ten nights the French had slept safely on land. Why not tonight too? Why should they be afraid of the beat of Indian medicine drums and the wierd windy howling of Indian chants? If five Frenchmen remained on shore, one gunshot would scare all the Indians away. And the hotcakes, almost baked, smelled so sweet.

The rowboat went back to the ship and left the men on shore. No one woke up the Commander to tell him they had disobeyed his orders. Night continued cool and peaceful; but as the sun climbed into the sky, four hundred native warriors crept toward the baking tent. Four of the sailors were asleep, one was sitting guard by the fire. Suddenly hundreds of arrows showered down upon them like a rain of

death. With arrows sticking in them, they swayed to their feet and ran to the shore, shouting for help. The Commander woke up, the whole ship woke up. Pounding feet were running all over the wooden deck and everyone was shouting, "Get your guns, get you guns!"

The French Commander and nine sailors jumped into the rowboat and rowed for shore. But the tide was low, and a sand bar lying between ship and shore barred their way. They jumped out of the boat into the water, holding their muskets high over their heads to keep them from getting wet, and waded to the waves' edge. Two French sailors were already floating in the water face down with arrows in their backs, and the foamy water was red with blood.

The men from the rowboat fired their muskets and all the natives disappeared in the long, dawn shadows of the forest. Swifter than Wish-oh-wun-nan, the hawk, clever in ambush, at home in every bog and marsh, the Indians could never be caught. The sun rose high and bright beyond the harbor islands. The Frenchmen carried their dead to the foot of the Cross on the highland and buried the three sailors who had been killed. The Church prayers of the Frenchmen and the howling of the Indians echoed through the mix-up of October's scarlet trees.

Later the French rowed their rowboat back to the ship. From the deck of the ship they could see the Cross of France guarding the first Frenchmen to die in America.

The Indians were all excited because they had won the fight. In less than three hours they came back and broke down the Cross, dug up the dead bodies, and started a fire to burn them. The Commander with sailors and guns hurriedly rowed to shore. The natives ran into the forest. The French put their Cross back up and buried the bodies that had been cut up and thrown all over the beach. Then they knelt down and prayed to God to help them get even with the Indians.

But God sent bad winds instead, and when the Frenchmen would have sailed away, the wind blew them back. Again they tried to sail away, and again the wind blew them back. The Indians came back too, and wanted to trade this time in a friendly way. But the French rowed to shore with guns; the Indians saw the guns, ran, and hid in the forest. So the French Commander decided to use a trick. He sent his strongest men in the rowboat without guns, each man carrying rope-matches and a chain of beads. The men were to use the rope-matches to light pipes and smoke with the Indians; then they were to throw the chains of beads around the Indians' necks and pull them into the rowboat and kidnap

The Indians were all excited because they had won the fight. In less than three hours they were back and broke down the house, and the ball rolled, and started to roll down the hill, and the Indians were all shouting and cheering.

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with the Indians. But the great red wind was blowing, and when the Indians would have sailed away, the wind blew them back. The Indians were all excited because they had won the fight. In less than three hours they were back and broke down the house, and the ball rolled, and started to roll down the hill, and the Indians were all shouting and cheering.

them. The men tried the trick, but didn't take their time, so the trick failed. But with their swords the Frenchmen did kill six or seven Indians, cut off their heads, and took the heads back to France to show the King and his court.

Nobody knows, maybe the Indians who were killed were not the same Indians who had killed the French cooks; maybe they were different Indians who only wanted to trade, and didn't know a fight was going on.

This all happened in a place the French called Port Fortune. Nowadays the place is called Stage Harbor, in Chatham. There in the highland hills seven Indian bodies lay buried not far from the graves of three French sailors.

TEN MEN FROM PLYMOUTH

In the spring of 1637, oxen pulling wagons rode forth from the town of Plymouth. Slowly they plodded along the ancient Indian trail that followed the curve of Cape Cod. The wagons were loaded with beds, boxes, looms, linen, tools, iron kettles, books, barrels, clothes chests, women and children. Sometimes the women and children walked alongside the wagons, when the oxen had to pull the heavy load up a steep hill. At the head of the procession walked ten Englishmen, together with the Indians who were showing them the way. These ten men had put up with a lot, living in the wilderness at Plymouth, in the new country of America. Now they had decided to move to the inner curve of Cape Cod Bay and make their home on the silver peninsula.

The Narrow Land wore a young green-yellow, as though every tree-branch and blade of grass had been dipped in frosted sunshine. Sand dunes glittered with mica-stones; bay waves trilled like chickadee birds; far hills took color of violet, and so did the dunes where shadows deepened. Fresh pine needles glowed with sunlight, while branches of tall trees deep in the forest held hidden blue. Over the earth the rainbow air was sleeping peacefully. The countryside

was so serene a man had nothing to fear, unless perhaps he was passing bog-water and heard the hollow sighing sound that scared the oxen and made the dogs bark. The men said it sounded like a woman crying.

The ten men unloaded their beds and kettles, and built huts to live in, until they could build good strong houses. This was in the springtime; but when summer was over, and autumn was reddening the leaves of the blueberry bushes, a tiny cluster of houses and buildings took shape around an open square, and became the town of Sandwich.

The native Indians were curious. They looked down from the hills; they watched from the shadow of giant oak trees; they hid on the nearby bog-islands. There they were safe from the thunder of the white man's guns. The white men were brave, they had a few rifles, and a huge wall around their meeting house; but peace and strength came not from guns and walls, but from the work of two men, who rode without guns through the wild forests, and met with the Indians, and talked to them about God. But that's another story.

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RICHARD BOURNE

There was no bell in Sandwich, so the drum was calling the town to meeting. The people of the town took off their old clothes and put on their new clothes, and gathered together at the Sandwich Meeting House. It was Sunday morning, and Richard Bourne was going to teach them how to please God and confuse the Devil. Before Richard had come, the people argued so much, half of them had to sit on one side the Meeting House, and half of them on the other side, to keep them from fighting. Richard was a thickset man, with iron-gray hair; his courage and his Sunday talks kept everyone together and at peace.

Richard Bourne came to Sandwich in the autumn of 1637. He married Bathsheba Hallet, the daughter of Andrew Hallet, Gentleman. A lot of land was given to him; he built a house and a barn, and got some farm animals; and then he got in trouble with the law, because his three pigs didn't have rings in their noses.

Richard Bourne and his friend Thomas Tupper took turns for twenty years preaching in the Meeting House. This is how they decided whose turn it was to speak. They counted

the noses of those who wanted to hear Richard Bourne; then they counted the noses of those who wanted to hear Thomas Tupper; and whichever one had the most noses, it was his turn to speak.

Richard learned to speak the language of the Indians. There was so much land, and room for so many farms; but the Indians were trading more than twenty acres of land for a cooking kettle or a knife, and Richard knew that soon they would be without hunting lands or homes. So he spoke to the English Government and the Government bought more land from the Indians and gave it to Richard Bourne to give back to the Indians. Bourneland was a place of blue lakes and round green hills, and was called the "Mashpee Kingdom"; it was given to the South Sea Indians and to their children forever--if they accepted the white man's religion.

Richard spoke to the Indians about God, and little by little more and more Indians came to listen to him. In the night, on a hill in Mashpee, a hundred pine torches were stuck in the ground to form a circle. Inside the circle, the dark bodies of the Indians and the square-shouldered Richard Bourne moved without stopping. After a day's work they were still working through the night. In the center of the circle a little rectangular building

gradually took form, and the first Indian Meeting House was completed. There the Indians came together to be with the Little Father, who was to them a doctor, a nurse, a builder, a lawyer, a judge, a teacher, a friend and a man of God all in one.

No one knows how Richard Bourne died, or where his bones lie buried. After his death, his sons and grandsons watched over the "Mashpee Kingdom". But the Indians were used to roaming free upon the Narrow Land, and could not be happy penned up in their "Kingdom". Many of them died of sickness; and other white men, not so good as Richard Bourne, got control of the "Kingdom", divided it up, and sold it.

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SHOUTING SAMUEL TREAT

Samuel Treat had twenty younger brothers and sisters, so it was easy for him to learn to be bossy. He had a loud rough voice that could be heard far away; Samuel worked hard at being heard.

In 1669 he graduated from Harvard College. In 1672 he settled in Eastham as a minister. He preached to the people, and in return received a house and land and a good supply of firewood cut and brought to the door.

Samuel looked about for a wife. He selected Eliza Mayo, and they were married two years after he came to Eastham. Eliza gave birth to eleven children. She was very pious and always tried to please Samuel.

Samuel was not easy to live with. He shouted when someone bothered him and he shouted when he wanted a glass of water. He would burst out laughing loud and sudden as a thunderstorm, and completely shatter Eliza's nerves. He was intense about hell and intense about the way Eliza cut his hair in the third week of each moon. Eliza was a strong woman, but in time even she wore away, and after twenty-two years of being married, she died. She left behind a house

full of frightened wild children, and a husband who was truly sorry and mourned for her.

Wisely, Samuel quickly found someone to take Eliza's place. He married a woman whose husband had died and whose father was a minister in Boston. Three more children were added to the family and Samuel continued to shout.

Mr. Willard, the father of Samuel's new wife, invited Samuel to preach at Old South Church in Boston. Samuel gave his best sermon. "You sinners will burn in hell," he shouted, "and a thousand devils will rip you up and tear you up and chew you up for ever!" The people of Old South Church asked Mr. Treat of Cape Cod to preach to them again. No doubt he was a good man, but his horrible preaching was hard to listen to! Mr. Willard borrowed a copy of Samuel's sermon, and three weeks later he read it to his people in a quiet voice. They didn't know it was Samuel's sermon. They liked it very much and had more copies printed.

Samuel Treat was odd. He thought only of his "great work". His voice, his laughter, his talk of hellfire and brimstone, his people could understand; but not why he wanted to learn the Indian languages and mingle with the Indians at their festivals. Surely powwows were devil parties. Mr. Treat had no business jumping around and dancing with the Indians, taking his turn at smoking a magic pipe, and chattering foreign words.

Samuel paid little attention to the complaints of his deacons. The woods were full of red men who were settled in more or less permanent villages. Samuel felt it was his job to preach to the Indians. The louder he yelled the more the Indians liked him. He preached "good medicine"; he preached action; and he understood that the natives must become good thinkers.

In storm and sunshine, in illness and health, he rode over the Narrow Land, from Truro to Chatham, sometimes a four-day ride from beginning to end. He learned the Indian languages and now he was teaching the Indians to read and write English.

Samuel lived to a good age and was called the "little father". In the winter of 1717 he fell sick. The Indians could see into the future, and told him he would soon die. Many of them brought their wigwams and set them up near his house. Those who knew him best and loved him would go to his door from time to time to see how he was. Hearing that his time to die drew near, they silently withdrew, and the snow that had been falling for a long time fell more heavily--the watchers could not see a hand held out in front of them.

They settled down in their wigwams and waited for the storm to pass. The little house of the minister would be knee-high, window-high, finally ceiling-high in snow, if the

birds of Mahtahdou kept fighting in the heavens and scattering their white feathers upon the earth. Driven by fierce winds from Nauset Sea the flakes continued to fall and to be swept, now here, now there, in drifts as high as dunes. Then, as suddenly as the great storm had come, it stopped. The wind dropped to a whisper, the sun shone upon newly contoured hills and valleys glittering in white. "Our little father has gone," said the Indians to one another. They strapped their snowshoes over their moccasins and hurried through the forest to the clearing around the minister's house.

When they reached the edge of the brush they stared for a moment in bewilderment. A huge drift of snow had piled up in the clearing and the little house was nowhere to be seen. Then they saw smoke rising from beyond the drift. Swiftly they climbed the slope; again they stopped in bewilderment. From the top of the snowhill they looked down and saw a little brown house below them, with the curtains of the great-room lowered--a little house sitting in the middle of a great bowl of snow.

The Indians circled round the ring of snow, voicing their wild cries of mourning and staring at the house of one so powerful in magic not even the white birds of Mahtahdou could touch it with their wings. Then they carried their little father's silent body to the grave.

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OULD BETTY

Carver's Green was a low fertile meadow, not too big and almost round, circled by brush and scrub pines. It was a true Witch's Hollow; even in winter weather it kept its carpet of green grass; there the witches came to have wild parties with the devil.

Ould Betty was an ugly old hag, but she became young and beautiful as soon as her dancing shoe touched the green grass floor. At Carver's Green she danced with the devil to the "Sailor's Minuet". Always she tried to get Goodman Pease to come to these wild parties; always he said, "No way!" She lived in a house in the Haunted Wood, not very far from the Green; and he lived alone on the edge of the forest. Some men said they were in love. Certainly Goodman Pease gave her firewood, and one summer she visited him each day. She was always there, like a hen on an egg. He got tired of her and told her to go away.

After that Ould Betty used to sneak into Goodman's house and take some of his food while he was out working in the field. He got wise to her, and from then on, when he would go out to work, he would lock the door from the

inside, climb out the window and down a ladder, and then hide the ladder. Even so, Ould Betty managed to get inside his hut. When he was not there to give her presents she took whatever she pleased; and since no lock can hold a witch, she walked in and out at will. Riders passing the hut at night often saw a candle burning in the window, and heard the voice of Ould Betty shouting and shouting at poor Goodman. When he accused her of stealing, and said he would have her burned or hung, she laughed, and a bee flew from her lips and landed on the rim of his glass of cedar. Immediately his heart grew soft towards her and he thought her a fine woman and fair. But despite all her tricks and clever ways, she never could persuade him to enter the Haunted Wood at night, or visit the devil at Carver's Green.

One day Goodman Pease caught her red-handed with a leg of roasted wild turkey in her hand and the juice running down her chin. To end all arguments, he put her in a bag, tied the mouth of the bag, dragged it into a closet, locked the closet door, put the key in his pocket, and went back to his work in the fields. As soon as the sound of his footsteps died away, Ould Betty muttered a charm. The bag quivered, then untied itself, and Betty stepped out. The locked closet door was no trouble to her--another charm

opened it easily. Shaking with fury, she emerged into the hut's one room, and peered out the window. Goodman Pease was far down the hill, hoeing Indian corn. Ould Betty pursed her lips and whistled a strange tune. Goodman's dog heard her whistle, perked up his ears and came running to the door. He walked stiffly; his eyes were glazed, and he stood motionless before Ould Betty as though he had been bewitched. "Come, my pet," said the old hag, and she picked him up by the hair of his neck and threw him into the bag.

Again she looked out of the window. Goodman Pease was far down the hill, hoeing Indian corn. So the witch pursed her lips and whistled a weird tune. Goodman's cat came over the doorstone. Her back was arched, her eyes were green, and her tail was as big as a crooked zucchini. "Ah, my little love," said the witch and she took the cat into her arms, kissed its two ears and the tip of its tail, and thrust it into the bag.

Again she looked from the window. Goodman Pease was far down the hill, hoeing Indian corn. She pursed her lips and whistled a charm-tune and slowly over the doorstone came Goodman's red-feathered rooster. The rooster's eyes were as shiny as blueberries and his plumes were as bright as a frost-bit poison-ivy leaf. "Come, my pretty," said the

old witch and she picked up the rooster by his scarlet comb and thrust him into the bag.

For the last time she looked out of the window. Far down the hill, Goodman Pease was hoeing Indian corn. There were no more animals in the yard, for Goodman was poor. Then Ould Betty remembered the pig tied to a tree at the edge of the Haunted Forest, behind the little house. So she pursed her lips and whistled a wild tune, but there was no reply. "Whish," said Ould Betty crossly, and she took her quahog shell out of her pocket and with it she scratched her chin. Again she whistled a tune, and sure enough, in at the door walked Goodman's pig. "Ho, ho, ye are late, my pretty!" exclaimed the witch, and she picked up the pig by its curly tail and thrust it into the bag. Then she tied the mouth of the bag, dragged the bag into the closet, and by repeating a simple charm relocked the closet door. Then she hid in a corner by the fireplace and waited for night to fall.

When it was too dark to work anymore, Goodman Pease came home. The animals inside the bag were making a fearful din. "Ah, ha! Ould Betty, are ye there?" said Goodman merrily. "Keep still, for I'm wore out tonight." The noise in the bag ^{grew twice as loud.} ~~redoubled~~. "If ye haint quiet, Ould Betty, I'll dash ye down kerplunk outside the door," warned Goodman

Pease; but the noise only grew worse, until it sounded as if the bag in the closet were rocking from side to side, leaping up to the ceiling, and thundering against the door. Goodman was exasperated. He unlocked the closet door, picked up the bag that was shaking all over, carried it to the open door of his hut and began swinging it back and forth, ready to toss it out into the night. Just then a dry laugh echoed from the fireplace corner. "Ho, ho," said a cackling voice, "Ye haint done with Ould Betty yet." Goodman Pease dropped the bag and rushed toward the hearth. The stars were out and the moon was high over the Baywater. Ould Betty rubbed her chin with a quahog shell. "Whisk, whusk," she called, and was up the chimney and off to dance with the devil at Carver's Green.

THE WITCH SISTERS OF BUZZARD'S BAY

On the edge of the forest near Buzzard's Bay lived two very small old maids. The crow's foot was on their eyes and the black ox had trodden on their toes, and they never walked outside in the day time. But if the farmer gave them no gift of grain, his cattle would get sick, his field of rye wouldn't grow right, and his corn would have crooked little cobs. Always together, always muttering, nodding, smiling, each evening at dusk they would walk down to the edge of the sea to watch the sea serpents leaping from the water.

One evening the twin witches found a small boy wandering alone by the shore. Capturing him in the gaze of their eyes, they cast a spell on him. Without wanting to or knowing why, the boy followed them back to the gambrel-roofed house on the edge of the forest, overlooking the sea. They put him to sleep in a little bed on the first floor, then disappeared up a ladder into the loft. The boy was bewitched, but he was still unhappy and could not sleep. At midnight he heard a noise, and peering from under his crook-stitched quilt, saw the two witches, dressed in red-heeled shoes and satin

dresses, coming down the ladder. They went to the oven, and took out a quahog shell. Each witch rubbed the shell behind her ear and said, "Whisk!" Quick as a flame, each flew up the chimney. As soon as they were gone, the little boy got out of bed and tried to escape, but he found the doors and windows locked. Then he thought of the quahog shell, went to the oven, found the shell, and rubbed it behind his ear. "Whisk!" he said, and quick as a flame he shot up the chimney.

In the yard, the witches were sitting on black horses whose manes and tails were edged with moonlight. When the witch women saw the boy, one of them got down off her horse. "He shall ride with us," she said, and the other sister nodded in the moonlight and muttered, "O-aye." The witch who had gotten off the horse went into the house and returned with a witch-bridle and a thin bundle of straw. She laid the straw upon the ground and over the straw she flung the bridle. Immediately it turned into a black pony, as pretty a horse as ever a boy had seen.

"Now we shall ride," said the witches, as they put the boy on the pony's back. "Sail away, sail," sang the three, and off they cantered across Great Meadow, and into the forest in the direction of Hob's Green. After a time they came to a brook. When the witches' horses leaped over the water, the little boy saw that their hooves were shod with

a thin white flame. "Jump, my little moon-calf," he cried. The witches had cleared the brook at a leap, but the black pony soared too high and as he landed on the opposite bank, one silver hoof splashed into the stream. The pony vanished and the boy landed kerplunk on the ground, the witch-bridle in his hand and the bundle of hay between his legs.

Night deepened in the forest. The boy ran helter-skelter after the black riders. Soon he came to a deserted house, and heard the singing of a violin. He crept close to the window; inside the devil was playing a fiddle, and around the devil, dressed in their red-heeled shoes and satin dresses, danced the two sisters together with other old women and men. Owls hooted in the treetops, Will-o'-the-wisps waving tiny sea lanterns flew here and there over the Green. The boy dropped the straw and the witch-bridle, ran swiftly down the road, and when he came to a farm house, knock-knock-knocked and crouched down against the door. The farmer took him in, the farmer's wife cared for him, and when he was rested they returned him to his home.

*The Narrow Land, by Elizabeth Reynard, p. 161
simplified for children*

OLD DEB

Old Deb wove skillfully and slowly, and some said she was a weaver of spells as well as a weaver of rugs. So when Tom Haskell's wife wanted a new rug to lay on her floor, Tom saddled up his horse and rode Barnstable way to see Old Deb. He knocked on the door of her ramshackle hut outside the town, the hut with the apple tree beside it. When no one answered, and the door gave way to his touch, he stepped inside. The house was empty, except for a black goat lying by the hearth, and a cat with green eyes sitting on the window sill.

"Good day to ye," said Tom to the goat, and took off his riding cap.

The goat said nothing, but the cat with green eyes bristled its tail and jumped out the window. A moment later, Old Deb wandered in at the door. "And what might ye be doing in my house, Tom Haskell?" she asked the man.

"I've come to speak of rugs," said Tom, his cap in his hand. "Would you weave a nice one for my wife to lay on her floor?"

"'Pends on the floor," said Deb. "Some floors won't take a rug, and some floors is fussy 'bout what kind of rug gits

thrown on 'em. My feet gots to talk to a floor and git the feel of it, 'fore I can weave a proper rug."

"Then come by, please," said Tom, "and see for thyself what kind of floor might be under us."

Early that evening, a minister travelling up-Cape saw a black goat wandering over the dunes, and moments later Old Deb was knocking at the door of Thankful Haskell's house. Thankful welcomed her in, Tom said his hellos, and their young daughter, Gloria, fetched Deb a chair and set it before the hearth. Old Deb sat there on the chair, rubbing her feet back and forth over the floorboards, while her eyes searched the darkness above the ceiling beams.

"What do you feel?" asked Tom.

"Diamonds and squares," said Deb, "get ready for diamonds and squares."

Now to keep herself busy, Thankful's daughter began sweeping the room. She was only fourteen, and did not know yet about the handling of witch women. In the course of the sweeping, the child thrust the broom underneath Deb's chair. You can't insult a witch more'n that! Deb was furious. She cursed the child, and wished her trouble.... Later that night, a child about to fall asleep looked from her window and saw a black goat crossing the dunes under a full moon: soon Old Deb was back home.

Too many days went by, or so it seemed to Thankful, and she became impatient for the rug that was growing on Deb's loom. So she sent her daughter Gloria to the witch weaver's house, together with her daughter's friend, a girl named Phoebe. When the two children appeared and asked for the rug, Deb was angry. She left them standing at the door gaping in, and wouldn't look up from her loom. On the table a pan of crisp donuts, fresh from the oven, smelled yummy to their noses. Gloria looked at the donuts. "Won't you please give me a donut?" she asked politely of Old Deb.

"Drat you. No I won't," said the witch.

Gloria wasn't afraid at all. She walked right into the house and picked up two donuts, one for herself and one for little Phoebe. The donuts were yummy in their tummies.

After they had eaten the donuts, Gloria looked at the tree full of ripe red apples growing outside Deb's door. "Won't you please give me an apple?" she asked.

"Drat you. No I won't," said the witch.

The young girl wasn't afraid of anything. She picked two apples from the tree, one for herself, and one for little Phoebe. "I ain't afraid of ye, ye old witch," she announced.

"Ye ain't!" screamed Old Deb, "then I'll make ye afraid afore ye git home!"

The two children returned by way of the woods. In the middle of the forest stood a fence with rails, and beyond the fence splashed a little brook. Suddenly the children heard a roaring behind them, and turning round, they saw a black bull charging.

"Oh," cried Phoebe, "Captain Besse's bull... He will get us!"

"But Captain Besse's bull isn't dangerous," said Gloria.

"He is now," cried Phoebe.

They ran for the rails of the fence, quickly climbed through, and headed towards the brook. The bull gathered his strength, charged madly, and the children looked back and saw the hulk of his great body come crashing over the fence. The girls jumped the brook; but when the bull came to the little stream, try as he might he couldn't cross it. Invisible magic stopped his furious charge at the water's edge, and the children knew old Deb Borden was inside the bull, making him mad.

When Old Deb finally brought the work of her loom to the Haskell's house, she was invited to come in and sit by the fire. Tom and Thankful had been ready for diamonds and squares for a long time, but there was such beautiful magic in the mixture of light and dark threads, that when they

laid the rug on the floor, it truly bewitched their eyes.

While her parents were thus spell-bound, Gloria crept up behind Old Deb and thrust a darning needle through her, sticking her to the chair. Old Deb felt nothing, for witches do not suffer at the prickings of steel; she wasn't even aware what had happened. Well, she sat and she sat, and every time she said "I must go," and started to get up, she found she couldn't stir, she was stuck to the chair. Perplexed, and unwilling to admit that a spell was upon her, she remained quiet for a time. Then she would remember things that needed doing at home. "I must go tend my fire," she declared, but could stir no more'n a milestone. Gloria kept her there in that chair all evening, in front of the hot flames. At nightfall, she pulled out the needle.

"Scare me again, ye old witch!" said the little girl, who, by the way, grew up to be a witch herself. But Old Deb was gone, quick as a cat when the fieldmouse crosses corn.

The next day Thankful's daughter grew very ill, with a sharp pain in her belly. The doctor was called in but could do nothing for her. More doctors were called in, but all of them gave her up for lost. Finally her father sent for old Doc Bemis of Middleborough. Old Doc Bemis put on

his spectacles and leaned over the girl. "This child is bewitched," said he. "Go, somebody, and see what Deb is up to."

Tom saddled his horse and rode to Deborah Borden's house. When he arrived, no one was at home, except the cat with green eyes. Searching for Old Deb, Tom found her at the bottom of the garden beside a pool of muddy water. She had molded a little figure of Gloria out of mud-clay and was sticking it in the belly with a sharp pin.

"Stop that, Deb, or you shall be burned alive!" he threatened. Old Deb cringed back; the black cat came out of the house and bristled its ebony tail; Tom grabbed the little figure from Deb, squished it in his hand, and threw the mud back into the water. He then wheeled his horse about and rode at a gallop toward home. Long before he reached the door, his daughter began to feel better. In fact, so quick did the pain in her belly go away, that when her father rode into the front yard and jumped down from his horse, Gloria was waiting to greet him. He threw his arms about her and exclaimed, "My little girl, all better!"

"Yes, father," answered Gloria.

"And such a good girl," he said, holding her at arm's length to look at her.

"Am I a good girl?" she asked, looking at him with

large innocent eyes.

"But of course you are," said Tom. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, then, father," she hesitated, "--could I have a goat?"

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CYNTHIA GETS HER BONNET

1.

Sunday morning Cynthia Gross wore her new white bonnet with a butterfly bow to Church Meeting. After Church she discovered it was raining. She hesitated, blushed a little, then turned and went back into the church and laid her bonnet in her pew. It was so pretty, it would be a shame to get it all wet. Bareheaded she walked along in the mild summer rain, took a shortcut through the Cemetery, over the hill, past Gull Pond, and so on home.

The next day, a woman about to give birth to a child was in pain and afraid she was dying. Cynthia heard about the poor woman and rode her horse fifteen miles as fast as she could to reach the woman. She fought to save mother and child, working with the knowledge and skill that made her the best loved midwife and doctor the Cape has ever known.

Now it was night and Cynthia was returning home. The hour was midnight; there was no moon. Cynthia leaned forward in the saddle and touched her little mare's neck. The horse knew the way in the darkness and Cynthia gave her rein. It had been a long hard day; Cynthia was weary in body and soul,

and ached in every bone. In the darkness before her Wellfleet Methodist Church loomed against the sky. Tired as she was, Cynthia remembered her Sunday bonnet with its butterfly bow. This seemed a good time to pick it up, before someone decided to steal it, it was so pretty. In the darkness of clouded midnight, Cynthia climbed down from her horse, found the church door open, and felt her way within.

The mare whinnied nervously; but to Cynthia, whose life centered in the life of the Methodist Church, every inch of wall and floor was familiar. Toward the front of the church she groped, slowly counting the pews. Entering the fourth pew from the front, she saw something white against the bare bench. That would be her Sunday bonnet. Reaching down to pick it up, she touched a dead man's face.

"Alas, poor soul," sighed Cynthia Gross, and she felt the cold face again to make sure the man was really dead and she couldn't help him any.

"This must not be our pew," she thought, "I must have counted wrong."

So Cynthia entered the next pew and again saw something white against the bare bench. That would be her Sunday bonnet. Again she reached down and touched a dead man's face.

All rather confusing, especially at midnight! But Cynthia did not think so. Instead, she thought it sad for the dead to be laid out without a coffin. Probably they are

drowned sailors from some wreck offshore, waiting to be buried.

"God rest their souls, where is my bonnet?" wondered Cynthia anxiously; then she saw a nodding whiteness suspended from the aisle-post. Carefully, not to hurt the butterfly bow, Cynthia carried her bonnet outside and placed it on her head, then climbed back on her mare and rode homeward through night's shadowy trail.

2.

Cynthia's favorite rocking chair was in need of repair, for the rush-woven seat was coming all apart. So she swung the rocker across her shoulder by a rope and carried it on her walk to Wellfleet. She didn't ride her mare, because it was only four miles into the village.

She intended to have the seat rushed-over, but the rushman was out and would not return home until after dark. So Cynthia visited around, stopped off at the Post Office, had supper, and waited for his return. At the Post Office she received a letter from her Uncle John in Hawaii. Uncle John had married a royal princess and his granddaughter had become a queen.

The rushman never set to work until the first hour of dark, and while he worked Cynthia discussed the problems of

life in Hawaii. The rushman before he sprained his ankle had been a deep-sea sailor and had visited Hawaii. "Ladies in them isles," he remembered, "wear grass skirts about their waists."

"Woven grass?" asked Cynthia.

"Well, more like a fringe, if I remember rightly," said the rushman.

"No reason why they should not weave it, neat and firm, like Indian baskets," said Cynthia. "They could have good skirts if they wanted them." She began to worry about Uncle John and thought maybe she should send him some Methodist Church books to steady his mind.

When the chair was done to her liking, she strapped it over her shoulder and started for Gull Pond. A high mist blurred the stars and in the Cemetery Cynthia lost her path. She became confused and wandered among the tombstones, striking now one, now another, with the long rockers of the chair. It didn't seem right to be whacking the quiet tombstones, as though she were knocking on Death's door, wanting in. Also, Cynthia thought of the scars on the tips of her favorite rocker.

Cynthia knew the moon would be up in about an hour's time. "It's quiet here in the Cemetery," she thought, "a good place to sit and knit awhile." She put down her chair where the ground was even, took her knitting needles and yarn

from her purse, and sat, rocking back and forth, knitting even rows. "Poor souls," she said, thinking of the dead who lay buried all about her, "they never get to have a good time. Who ever comes to the Cemetery but weeping women and men in those new black coffin wagons! I should have come visiting before." And as though she were expected to entertain, Cynthia began to sing in her clear firm voice, as she rocked and knitted among the tombstones. A lively cheerful tune it was, such as would be comforting to sailor boys who must find it hard to lie so still in their narrow coffins waiting for the Great Day when they would come back to life. After she had finished her song Cynthia allowed time for applause or complaints. Then she sang another: "You touch one string of the harp and all the others begin to ring." The tune reminded her of her sister Deborah whose favorite song it was; and also of her youngest sister Maria, who lived in Provincetown and refused to wear a bonnet. Cynthia had nine sisters in all, and she sat there thinking of them for quite a long time.

The moon peered mistily over the seaward hill. Cynthia rose, put her knitting back in her purse, and slung the rocking chair over her back. Tombstones now shone gray against the dark dew-damp earth. Cynthia found the path, and in the flood of a rising moon walked over the hill.

3.

Midnight, no moon; mischief was abroad, and so was Cynthia, her capstring tied under her chin, and her pretty white bonnet carried in a small round box in her hand. She wore a dress woven from the long silky hair of an Angora goat and moved slowly through the Cemetery. The fame of her, the fearlessness, the shrewdness and the wonder, had gone abroad and made the young people wonder if it was all true. Behind a gravestone lurked, waiting, a fearsome form with horns and a tail and a blue aura of burning sulphur. And Cynthia, though she believed in modern medicine, was a Methodist at heart and knew what horns, a tail, and sulphur meant. Her eyes, without her glasses, were not as keen as when she was young. So when Cynthia, at moonless midnight, taking a shortcut through the Cemetery, saw a blue-fire flash and a sinister phantom coming up from the depths of a crumbling tomb, maybe she was just seeing things. Who knows? So she asked, "Who might that be?"

"Cynthia, I am the Devil," answered the specter.

Cynthia paused. Her voice, when she spoke, was warm with deep understanding: "Alas, poor soul," she said, "I feel so sorry for you."

Quietly she continued on her way through the shortcut across the Cemetery.

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BLACK BELLAMY

Sam Bellamy came out of the West Country, England. When he was old enough to know better he set sail across the Atlantic Ocean in search of a Spanish treasure ship wrecked and sunk in the West Indies. On the way to this crazy adventure, he put in at Eastham Harbor to look for men to join him; but the people of the Narrow Land already knew of too many wrecks bleaching their beams off the outer reefs; no one wished to join him. They wished him luck, and said they liked his tight little sloop, old and sea-kindly.

One evening Sam Bellamy took a stroll through the cemetery; as he reached the southern end of it, he heard a girl's voice singing. He traced the song to a circular hollow surrounded by trees, and coming to the edge, saw, below him, a white cloud. From the cloud rose the song. He strode downslope, through young green briars, and found that the cloud was an apple tree in full bloom. Under the tree stood Maria Hallett, a drip-rush lanthorn in one hand and blossoms in the other. She was fifteen years old; her hair glistened like corn-silk at sun-coming; her eyes were like the deep waters of Gull Pond. And there was Sam Bellamy, just out of the West Country, with black curly hair, his fortune in his

pocket, and mighty dreams in his eyes. Well, in no time at all, they fell in love under the apple tree, there by the cemetery.

The next day Bellamy sailed away; but first he promised Maria that when he returned he would marry her with a golden ring to the loud words of minister Treat. And then, in a sloop full of treasure, he would carry her back to the West Indies, and make her princess of an island.

Time passed, in the hot Indies, and the young man from the West Country worked long and hard, diving down to the water-logged wreck under the sea; but he found no gold, and he found no silver--he didn't even find a penny. With him was a Nantucket sailorman named Paul Williams, and the two became close friends. Bellamy thought of Maria waiting for him, and he tired of looking for sunken treasure. He and Williams decided to turn pirates--that would be a swifter road to wealth. Bellamy still possessed his sloop, and he could sail her, under press of canvas, like a ghost ship.

During their first week as pirates they fell in with Benjamin Hornygold, in command of the ship Mary Anne. Together the two ships made several rich captures, and were soon joined by other pirates. Off the Virgin Islands they captured several small ships. Near Saba they captured the ship Sultana. Bellamy took command of her, and his friend Williams took charge of the sloop. For a month in winter,

the fleet of ships stopped to make repairs on a maroon island; and in early spring they set sail for the Windward Passage. Between the decks of the Sultana, bags of money and gold were growing in number; but the Sultana was heavy-hulled and slow moving, and Black Bellamy longed for a tall ship so lovely that when her sails gleamed along the white beaches, Cape eyes would widen, and Maria would think it another mirage, till she looked again and saw the young captain, and later the silver and gold.

A half gale shot up the Windward Passage and the pirate vessels were scattered. Then, as dawn whitened the mists to leeward, a ship rose out of tropic darkness, her sails winging like a swan awakened, the salt dew like fire on her rigging, and a mast-light so high in the dawn it looked like the morning star. The Whidah--a ship out of London--but men fondly called her "Paradise Bird". She was laden with a cargo of elephant tusks, gold dust, sugar, indigo, and sweet bark; she had just delivered a shipment of slaves to Jamaica, and was making her way under easy sail, homeward bound. Black Bellamy ran up his pirate flag of "Skull and Cross-Bones" and for three days gave chase. Any sailor could see that the Whidah was faster than the Sultana, yet Bellamy refused to give up the chase. Somehow Captain Prince of the Whidah seemed to lose the magic of her, for the hull dragged, wind slid off the sails, and slowly the

pirates gained. The more Bellamy saw the "Paradise Bird" the more he longed for her. He was willing to let the crew of the Whidah go free, so there would be no battle, and the beautiful ship would not be hurt by fire, guns, or cannons. Captain Prince must have guessed as much, for he only fired her two chase guns once as the buccaneers came up under her. Then, no longer trying to get away, he lowered the Whidah's flag.

Black Bellamy was happy with his prize and did not want to harm the Londoners. He took command of the Whidah, and gave the Sultana to Captain Prince, and let him sail away free. Aboard the Whidah, Bellamy stepped on teakwood decks, washed clean by last night's storm, found his way to the gold painted poop and turned the ship's course north. Twenty thousand pounds were stored between the decks, in doubloons, pieces of eight, gold dust, bars of silver and gold, and a cargo that would please a princess. Instead of sailing for a maroon island in the West Indies and burying the treasure, Bellamy risked capture by heading north for Cape Cod.

On the way north they captured three more ships; one that was leaky sunk, the other two were added to the pirate fleet. Bellamy rolled up his small sails, but the Whidah was caught in hurricane winds and nearly turned over. The wind blew from the northwest, driving the vessels off-shore. The

storm increased as night fell and the heavens were covered with sheets of lightning. The night was so dark you could feel the darkness, and the terrible hollow roaring of the winds was filled with claps of thunder. The next morning, it was discovered that the main-mast of the Whidah was broken; the men cut it away, and the mizzen-mast fell with it. The ship sprang a leak and the sailors were kept busy pumping water out. The waves were so high two men were washed away from the ship's wheel. They would have been washed overboard had they not been caught in the rigging. After four days and three nights of storm, the winds died down, the skies cleared, new masts were set up, and the carpenter fixed the leak in the hull.

Coasting near Rhode Island, Black Bellamy came upon a Boston sloop commanded by Captain Beer. He captured the ship and plundered the cargo. He would have given the empty ship back to Captain Beer, but his buccaneer crew wanted to see the ship sunk. Bellamy cannon balled the ship full of holes and it sank beneath the waves. Captain Beer and his crew were put ashore on Block Island.

About two weeks later, early in the morning of Friday, April 26, 1717, while the Whidah was passing by Nantucket Island, she came upon the small ship Mary Anne. A boat was lowered from the Whidah, and seven pirates armed with muskets, pistols, and cutlasses went on board and discovered

a cargo of sweet Madeira wine. In the afternoon the Whidah captured a sloop from Virginia. Thus as he approached the white beaches of Cape Cod, where Maria Hallett waited for him in a hut she had built on the dune cliffs overlooking the sea, Black Bellamy had success after success in the pirate business; there we will leave him, riding on the high tide of his dreams, for better a happy dream than tragic reality!

SAND DOBBIES OF EASTHAM

A horse from Whitby, Yorkshire, in England, was shipped in a sailing vessel to Boston in America. Hidden in the horse's mane lurked two stable fairies, long-nosed goblins with flapping ears, red caps, and coats equipped with big patch-pockets. The two stole feed from the horse's nose-bag, slept in the ship's hold, and when the vessel came to port in America, the stable elves disembarked.

They found themselves in the town of Boston and wandered up the Old Bull Wharf to the innyard of the Bull Tavern. There they heard that they were the first dobbies to reach America. The news quite alarmed them, for stable elves are rather gregarious; they like to live with lots of other elves in tunnels they make in the hay in a stable loft, or in doobby mounds on the moors. So the two elves decided to talk things over with a broad-backed horse in the six-penny stalls. The horse argued that if a vessel sailed from Whitby, England, and docked at Boston, then a vessel sailing from Boston in America would probably dock at Whitby in England. The dobbies saw the force of this reasoning, and when they heard that the broad-backed horse was to make an ocean voyage, they hid themselves in his mane. A few hours later, the horse

was blindfolded and coaxed on board a sloop.

For two days wind from the east battered the vessel. She wallowed, she rolled through crisscross water. When she reached Eastham harbor the frightened dobbies scurried ashore and asked which way was the road to Yorkshire. Three different horses stabled in Crosby Tavern were questioned and all made the same reply: "Is Yorkshire Backside or Bay?" The stable elves despaired. Something was wrong, they felt, in a land where horses were simple between the ears, where barns were not thatched, and where goblin feet sank up to their knees in white, unglued earth. Well, the dobbies were relieved when one of the horses told them of the seaward moors that wore whiskers of yellow broom-grass; the two goblins filled their patch-pockets with oats from the bins of Crosby Tavern, tucked their long ears up under their caps, and journeyed with the broad-backed horse across-village, over-dune, till they came to Nauset Sea. Stars slept under tucked-in blankets of cloud. Wind moved across the waves.

A lantern was hung in the mane of the horse--this was in the days before lighthouses were built--and up and down the beach they went, horse, fairies, and rider, until, toward dawn, an offshore vessel grounded, signaling for help. Then the horse was led inland and hitched to a wooden stake that was driven into the sand. As sun-coming warmed the horse's body, the little night goblins, day-drowsy, were lulled into

a deep lazy sleep. At noon the horse grew hungry, shook his head and whinnied. The dobbies rolled out of his mane, slid down his neck, and still dreaming, curled up in the sand. All day they slept quietly while the broad-backed horse trudged toward the north away from them.

Dusk awakened the goblins. They found themselves alone in a desert of arid sand. A pale moon shone over them. Bald dunes, like risen sea giants, peered out beneath shaggy grass eyebrows and gazed across a waste of waters. The two dobbies offered prayer to Lob, master of magic, then burrowed bravely into a sandhill as though it were a bundle of hay. After they had fashioned a moor mound, they looked about them for food, and discovered kelp bulbs, succulent and salty, strewn along the great beach. Searching inland, they found clusters of waxberry, sweet-tasting to elfin tongues. With these they filled their stomachs, then climbed to the crest of the highest dune to take measure of the land. Westward the hills were darkened by the unthatched village of Eastham. North and south for more miles than any doobby could hope to travel, loomed moor and bog and dune and moor, an unending wilderness. "Better bide here," said the older doobby, "here we have food and a house."

They wandered back to their burrow, carefully built on the dune-side, but wind had been blowing the unglued earth and sand blocked the hole. "This will not do!" said the littler

dobby, who was smart. He travelled inland while his mate watched over the mound, and in an hour returned with a sprig of spicy bayberry tilted over his shoulder. The goblins planted this green slip; kept the root watered from below; and in less time than mortal would believe, a waxberry bush flourished right there by the beach. Spreading its branches to protect the entrance to the doobby mound, it distracted by the glint of its shiny leaves the keen gaze of fishermen and beachcombers. They never saw the little wisp of white smoke drifting from a tiny chimney hidden in the dune bush, where the little people kept all manner of holidays with roast berry meals.

The two dobbies grew round and fat on a diet of salted kelp and bayberries. They planted doobby eggs in the sand and when the moon shone white on the eggs bright-eyed baby goblins popped out, rolled, capered, turned up the toes on their flat little feet, spread their ears like sails to catch the wind, and coasted up-along and down-dune with the older dobbies chasing after them. As soon as they caught these wild urchins, they took them into the burrow to dress them. For when each baby doobby is born, he finds a red cap and patch-pocket coat neatly folded in a drawer in the top of his egg.

No one instructed the little dobbies in stable knowledge of Yorkshire, nor in the art of doobby riding; yet if a horse

scuffled alongshore, the youngsters felt a curious excitement and came out of their burrows to cheer. But as time went on, fewer and fewer grew the visits of the horses pacing the beaches, and a great loneliness and longing came over the sand dobbies. But then, after sunset, some of the wilder young dobbies disappeared inland, only to reappear at dawn with flushed cheeks, glittering eyes, and wide, swaggering gait. Farmers of Eastham who sought their barns at first-hour-light were mystified to discover their horses all out of breath, with swollen knee-joints and blood-shot eyes, their ears blown flat back, and altogether in a bad temper. The farmers nailed an iron horseshoe over their stable doors to ward off whatever evil spell was bothering their horses, but it was no use. Then old Captain Snow, who was born on the rim of the wolds in Yorkshire, remembered a trick his grandfather told him. The captain searched till he found a stone with a hole through the center of it. This he called St. Godric's Stone, and suspended it on a string over his mare's head. After that, all was peaceful in Captain Snow's stable. No more grain disappeared from the bins; the mare, sleek, fat, unwearied, whinnied a friendly "howdy-due" when the captain entered her stall.

Other farmers hung St Godric's Stone about their horses' necks. From then on, dobbies came home from their nightly excursions, their eyes sulky, their footsteps dragging, and

no news to report to the little dobbies who were always waiting and hoping to be led astray. Gradually the whole community of dobbies became very depressed. The goblins refused to come out of their mounds even at full of the moon. Then a young elf with a duck's feather in his cap--the feather was taller than he was--decided that what Dobby Land needed was a horse.

The goblin dug up a carrot, chanted an elf rune over the double tail of it, and with this delicacy in hand journeyed across-marsh till he reached Eastham Pasture. "The first fellow who comes from pasture when I hold out this carrot," he figured, "will be a Robin-nip-the-daisy."

The Whim-whinny Colt of Captain Snow saw the succulent two-tailed carrot sticking through the pasture fence. She arched her neck; she bucked and stiffened, full of beans and sky-falutin. "Ahoy!" called the sand doobby, "take a look, little horse!" The colt teetered on her bent hindlegs, then tilted to her forelegs. She nosed toward the carrot. "Will ye take Lob for your master?" asked the dune goblin.

"Nay, nay," breathed the little colt, flinging her hindlegs skyward.

"Yea, yea," wheedled the doobby. "Little horse, taste the carrot."

The Whim-whinny Colt of Captain Snow took the carrot between her teeth; the doobby leaped on her back.

"Run to the dunes, little horse," he chanted; and the young mare could do nothing but obey, for once a doobby mounts a horse, the will of the horse is as bogwater. A doobby rides like a king.

The colt fled through Eastham Marshes, picking her path as the doobby directed. Triumphantly he brought her to the edge of the seaward sand. She arched her sleek little neck, she pranced. The doobbies came out to see her, swung their caps high, cheered, chanted, forgot all melancholy. Half a dozen of them sprang to her back and away she ran along the beach while elves tumbled, elves shrieked, elves roared with laughter. They slid, they clung on her smooth small flanks. One of them swung by her tail. At first she galloped like any colt showing her heels to the moon. But later she became dreird and elfshot. Her speed increased till her mane stood on end. Her tail streamed out like a comet. Wilder she grew as the night grew darker. Anyone seeing the Whim-whinny Colt could foresee that she would madden by dawn.

Inside a burrow sat a wise old doobby, his head cupped in his hands. Now and again he pulled his ears trying to remember what his grandmother had told him of the way in which elf heroes of old saved stolen horses from madness. "By the moon's last ray, sprinkle berry leaves pounded into an elf-potion over the dancing hooves." "That's not quite right," sighed the wise doobby; "but the colt will be taken

from us tomorrow and St. Godric's Stone hung over her ears, unless I save her by a magic potion." So the wise doobby prepared a waxberry potion and crept out of the doobby mound just before moonfall. He stuck a grain of sand in each eye to keep himself wide awake. Swiftly the little colt whirled by, red-eyed and foaming like a wave. On her back rode the wild dobbies singing songs to Lob. As the moon dropped into the marshes, the wise doobby watched for his chance, leaped suddenly between the colt's flying hooves, and poured a trickle of elf-brew onto each hoof.

The mare paused, shivered, quieted; the madness was drawn out of her. Up from the sand crept a waxy mist and covered her forelegs, covered her hindlegs, covered her glossy hide. Soon she was coated with blueish waxberry, almost as translucent as dawn. To mortal eyes she would now seem only a blue shadow.

The wise doobby tumbled down onto the sand, overcome with day-slumber. The invisible pony nuzzled him, shied, galloped away. She ran back to Captain Snow's pasture, but the other horses were no longer friendly to her. All day they bared their teeth and nipped at her flanks. At moon-up, the colt fled to the dunes where her goblin friends were waiting for her. As she came, they cheered and sang and jumped up and down on the doobby mounds. Five or six of them leaped on her back and away she galloped to the sailcloth sand pulled

crisp and taut by unfurling of waves.

The wise dobby's elf-brew worked very well. Not only did it save the colt from madness, and make her invisible; the bayberry wax also kept the pony from ever growing old. And in spongy fogs, or glamorous moontime, those who walk the great beach will sometimes hear the beat of tiny hooves, hear cries like hurrying sandpipers, and suddenly step aside as though something went galloping past, something pixie, something goblin, something mischievous and moon-touched. If they carry St. Godric's Stone and look quickly, they may catch a glimpse of a red cap, a duck's feather, a flapping ear, a sparkle of small sharp eye. If they have no holed stone and cannot seem to find one, let them ask any Cape Cod boy. Youngsters are naturally wise and will collect such stones, though they may not know who elf-bitten St. Godric was, or what the holes are good for.

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ROBERT THE SCOT

Captain Matthew Fuller was the first regular doctor of Barnstable. But when he stood up in court and shouted: "The law about minister's maintenance is a wicked, devilish law--the devil sat at the stone when that law was made!" cold-hearted Governor Hinckley shouted back at him, "Fifty shillings fine for being so smart!" The two men glared at each other. They were always fighting.

Captain Matthew strode from the courtroom. Behind him walked Robert the Scot, a North Country madman with naked knees and a checkerboard kilt. Wherever Captain Matthew went, huge Robert went. Robert was the captain's bodyguard, his helper, and he was also a chemist.

Two weeks after the courtroom scene and the fine of fifty shillings, Governor Hinkley ate whilks and got terrible cramps in his stomach. He sent a message to Captain Matthew to come quickly, he needed a doctor. The Captain came, left Robert holding his horse at the governor's door, walked in, and found Hinkley piteously doubled over a ladder-back chair, his insides feeling like someone had knifed him. Captain Matthew called Robert the Scot and told him to go into the

kitchen and mix a mild medicine that would make the governor vomit. The doctor gave the medicine to his patient to drink. Immediately Governor Hinkley vomited like a waterfall. His pain was gone, but so was his dignity, and so was his temper. It was Robert he was angry at; said the Scot had once threatened to beat his brains out--"And now you've given me poison to drink!"--and he vomited some more.

Captain Matthew seemed satisfied with the way the medicine worked. Cautioning the governor to eat only mush and milk porridge, he started back home, followed by huge hairy Robert who attended him with a dog's devotion, an apothecary's precision, and a king's pride.

Governor Hinkley undraped himself from the ladder-back chair and climbed into bed. He swore it would be his death-bed. And even though he was soon all better, he still believed that Robert the Scot had tried to poison him, and that Captain Matthew had left him to die. Only thanks to God, who was Hinkley's good friend, had the governor been spared to do more work on this wicked planet.

Now Captain Matthew Fuller was a clever doctor and a rich man; but even so, he was a little odd and was always getting into arguments. He always said what he thought, and he always had that Scotchman in the checker-board kilt walking beside him. Robert the Scot shattered the mind with the music he blew on his bag-pipes, which looked like a

giant snail. And besides, Captain Matthew always carried in his pocket a number of precious gems. These he loved to pull out and hold in his hand, allowing the light to splash and sparkle on their cut and colorful surfaces. When he was appointed Army Doctor to the soldiers of Plymouth and Massachusetts Colonies, in 1673, he travelled on horseback for many miles through primeval forests, accompanied by devoted Robert. Robert carried, among other things, a box of precious jewels. Such vanity! Such love of worldly possessions! The ministers of Plymouth Colony told him it was wicked of him to be showing off his wealth. Captain Matthew smiled and told them to keep their thoughts on a leash, indoors!

In 1678 Captain Matthew Fuller died, and left to his relatives a box of pearls, precious stones and diamonds, worth about a thousand dollars. A fortune in jewels was this, in a settlement colony where such things were not known. A few days after Captain Matthew's death, the jewels disappeared. Robert the Scot, who was with the Captain when he died, was accused of the stealing. Governor Hinkley summoned Robert to court. Robert had not slept for three weeks; he had been watching by the bedside of his dying friend. His eyes were red and heavy, and his look was sullen as he stood before the court. The governor pointed out to him that things looked rather suspicious. He, Robert, had

been the Captain's bodyguard and had had charge of the box of gems. Now the Captain's relatives wanted the jewels, and the jewels were missing. Governor Hinkley looked at Robert with narrowed eyes of suspicion, and let it be known he never did think Robert was any good.

The governor couldn't prove Robert was guilty, but everyone went on thinking he was. What with the loss of his friend the captain, and now everyone thinking he had stolen the jewels, Robert grew so sorrowful he couldn't even eat. His great body dwindled in size. He grew sick, and no longer knew where he was or who he was. He took to wandering outside at the oddest hours and looking in the oddest places for the missing treasure. With no joy in his life and unable to eat, he died alone at night.

A deep snow was covering the ground when it came time to bury Robert. The neighbors carrying his coffin couldn't get through to the Burying Acre, so they buried Robert on the northeastern slope of Scorton Hill in a shallow grave beneath the snow. Perhaps because he was not buried deep enough, or perhaps because his body lies outside the Cemetery, Robert often gets up at night and wanders about, determined to find and give back the lost jewels. Seated in a grove, on moonlit nights, resting from his search, he will play on that terrible musical instrument, the bag-pipes, shaped like a giant snail. In crossing Scorton Hill by night, the

traveller must not be astonished to hear the sad sighing of the bag-pipes, or the sound of heavy footsteps, or a man's tragic sobs.

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THE BOAT THAT FAIN WOULD LIVE ON LAND

Joseph Metcalfe prayed to God to be a good minister to his people. What did it matter he was losing his hair and had a bald spot on the top of his head? He covered the spot with a wig he bought in Boston.

And now three goodwives were waiting for him at his house. A problem was bothering their minds. What about colorful flowers? What about picking colorful flowers? Might flowers appear in church? Joseph, good soul, had just inherited some money, so he was in a good mood to enjoy the good gifts of earth. Flowers, he said, were a sign of God and may be picked, some from here, some from there, and gathered into posy bunches. The three women listened to him, but weren't sure they agreed, and went away thinking of the minister's new wig.

The women spread the word, and at meeting hour the next day, Sunday, the whole village goggled at the minister's Boston wig. He preached his sermon; no one listened--but they sure were looking at him. After meeting, the women came round again to talk about flowers. It seems their problem was not with posy bunches, but with the minister's own

flower garden. The women thought he spent too much time digging and weeding his flowers--time better spent visiting his people or preparing his sermon. At heart Joseph was devoutly humble and eager to please his flock. He would, he declared, abandon his garden, and devote to his people all his hours--except those hours, he quickly added, that he meant to spend with God in his boat at sea. "For with the money I have inherited," beamed Joseph with pride, "I have just bought me a boat."

The next afternoon, as he set forth to visit his deacon, Joseph turned to look back at his flower garden. Summer roses were taking the breeze, and hollyhocks swayed to and fro. His gardener's eye caught sight of some weeds that had sprung up while he was away in Boston. He stooped to raise a sagging moss rose, then stood quickly up, remembering his promise. Weeds must now choke these flowers of his, dry earth wither them to dust.

Joseph walked slowly down the lane and paused at the deacon's door. Here he had come to talk of flowers with the ladies. Goodwives in the great-room gabbled so fast they did not see him. Every talkative one of them was wagging her tongue about his "vanity wig". He spoke aloud from the doorway, and that shut them up. His new wig was neither fancy, neat, nor flashy. Did the goodwives wish him to wear no wig? Would they prefer he put on his old wig, which was

mouldy and half-eaten by boter-flies? "No, no," cried the goodwives, "but let us fix up the new wig and make it proper looking." Joseph agreed; he removed his Boston wig and handed it to Goodwife Jenkins who with sissors clipped the thick and sinful curls, then passed it on to Goodwife Hatch who clipped it even closer. As one by one the ladies snipped and pulled it to their liking, the wig lost all its form, till the last lady complained there was nothing left for her to snip. Joseph looked at the wig and said it looked like nothing in heaven above or in earth below, or in the water under the earth.

He clapped what was left of the wig on his head and sorrowfully returned home. There he found three elders of the church waiting to talk to him about his new sea-going boat. Puzzled, they stared for a time at his snipped wig, then said what they had to say. God willing, the three elders were ready to supply Joseph, his one son, and his nine daughters with all the fish they could eat. But the minister declared that his boat was not for fishing: all he had wanted was a sea-going boat in which to take his ease. The elders looked at one another. Then they reminded Joseph that ministers should not be seeking ease; that the sea was a restless, dangerous place to be; that he could sell his boat and give the money to certain poor widows. Well, what was he to do? Joseph promised to sell the boat. In the

evening he walked down-lane to the little harbor where his boat tugged at her moorings, took off his shoes and waded into the water, laid his hand on her side, touched her oarlocks and the rower's seat. She rubbed her nose against his coat and Joseph looked across the Sound to the shadowed island where a sloop rode and the sun descended into red rippled water.

During the night a violent tempest, a thunderous storm long remembered, swept the whole South Shore. Houses were blown from their cellars; trees toppled, and were blown across the land; ships were wrecked in the Sound. All night Joseph prayed for the safety of his people, for their animals, their crops, their shipping. Toward dawn he heard a sharp knock on his door. He rose from his knees to see who it was. Holding his lantern high he peered into the darkness, drew his hand over his eyes, then looked again. A long heavy object leaned against his doorstone. In the storm the sea-going boat had been washed up the lane all the way the way to his house.

In the morning Joseph rode out to care for his stricken people. When he returned at nightfall, he found his daughters had shoved the boat into the front yard. Sand blown by the wind completely covered the flower garden. But some kind hand had rescued his uprooted rose trees and put them for safe keeping in the sea-going boat. Absent-mindedly, Joseph

straightened the boat, straightened the plants placed in her, and covered the roots with soil. Tomorrow, Tuesday, he would bid his daughters deliver the rose trees to some goodwife who had lost her flowers in the storm.

While he slept, exhausted from his long day of service, death climbed into bed with him and hugged Joseph Metcalfe, aged forty-two. In the morning when the deacons came, the roses were blooming in the sea-going boat that stood in the sandy yard.

The boat was old, her timbers rotten. After the funeral, the people looked on her, and returned with flowers from their own gardens and transplanted them into Joseph's boat. Even the three goodwives, who started all the fuss about flowers, brought some godless pansies.

"Joseph's Boat", the townsmen called the old boat, and every summer they filled her with fresh dirt and planted flower seeds; for not until he left them did they realize how much they thought of Joseph Metcalfe, who preached short sermons, sat down and talked with them for a long time, and raised one son and nine daughters with almost no money at all.

In the Burying Acre in Falmouth no tombstone has ever been placed over Joseph's body, but Joseph Boats are in every town; and on the anniversary of the thunderous storm, the Reverend Joseph Metcalfe is said to return to inspect his land-going boats.

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